

# Lawyer Loses \$150,000 and Kills Himself in Astor House

## 500 Men and Women in Fierce Race Riot at Linden, N. J.

## Brooklyn Trolleys Crash, Fifteen Passengers Hurt



**NIGHT EDITION**

**The**

**WORLD**

**Evening Edition**

**"Circulation Books Open to All."**

**PRICE ONE CENT.**

**NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1908.**

**PRICE ONE CENT.**

### WOMEN ARM MEN IN FIERCE RACE RIOT NEAR ELIZABETH

#### Five Hundred Men Battle with Revolvers, Clubs and Boulders—Sheriff Reads Riot Act After Fifty Shots Are Fired.

In a battle between 100 Italians and nearly four times their number of Poles and Russians this afternoon at Linden, on the outskirts of Elizabeth, N. J., fifty shots were fired and scores of combatants felt the weight of clubs or boulders. Nevertheless, the authorities were able to find only one wounded man.

They account for this by saying that the rioters were bad marks-men to begin with, and that the injured were mostly carried off by their friends.

The fight, which lasted, with several breathing spells, for three-quarters of an hour, occurred on the big flat just outside the huge refineries which the Standard Oil is building.

A few weeks ago the Poles arrived, pecking work as laborers on the new plant, and built themselves a rough camp half a mile away.

It was not long until the Italians came, bringing with them a lot of women and household plunder. They went into shanty quarters further down the road, toward Linden.

Racial Feeling Caused Outbreak.

Racial feeling and the desire to get the expected jobs led to the first outbreak several days ago. At that time the Italians got rather the worst of it. Friday they came to the refinery in a body to see if there was any work to be had. As they started away the Poles came up in rough military formation, marching four abreast.

The Italians were ready. At the first sign of approaching trouble the Italian women drew from under their shawls brand new revolvers and began to pass them out among the men. Urged on by these women, the Italians charged the Poles. Despite the odds against them, they smashed the formation of the enemy, and in broken groups the two factions fought, at first with stones and oodles and then with revolvers.

Poles Were Also Armed.

At the first shot from the Italians several of the Poles drew rusty pistols and began to shoot. Artisans employed by the Standard Oil Company, who watched the battle from a safe distance, say that a good many shots were fired. At each volley, they say, men dropped, only to be seized by their comrades and dragged away. Others went down under the boulders or clubs.

The fight raged back and forth on the flats, with first one side in retreat and then the other. Until Deputy-Sheriff Carney, who was stationed at the refineries, could get together the force of specials who had been sworn in by Sheriff Lawrence after the first riot, and who were stationed inside the company's enclosure to protect its property.

Riot Act In Two Languages.

Through interpreters Carney read the riot act in Polish and in Italian. It was the first time in twenty years that the riot act had been read in Linden County. Not until he warned the foreigners that under the laws of the State of New Jersey his men had the right to shoot down any man who refused them did active hostilities suspend.

Four Italians and three Poles were rounded up as leaders, and locked up in the jail at Elizabeth. One of the poles, Peter Lett, had a bullet-hole through his cheek. The others were cut and gashed about the heads and faces. The deputies also took into custody six Italian women, but later released them on their promise to foment no more trouble. Forty revolvers were confiscated. Those taken from the Italians were mostly new.

Late this afternoon Sheriff Lawrence took possession of the field. He said he feared further rioting. He believed that fifty twenty hands' wounded men were being attended in the two camps.

**THE HUB CLOTHING CORNER.**  
227 AND 229 BROADWAY.  
Cor. Barclay St. and Broadway.  
\$39 and \$25 Men's Silk-lined Suits, all sizes. \$1 to \$1. Single or double-breasted. Special for today and Saturday.

### SPITEFUL OLD MAID'S LETTERS ANNOY ACTRESS



Marie Graber

#### All Staten Island Stirred Up Over Messages Mailed to Marie Graber.

When Little Miss Marie Graber went into "stock" at the Richmond Theatre she had not even the vaguest expectation of becoming the heroine of a great Stapleton mystery. Stapleton is split wide open because a prominent old maid in town is accused of harassing Miss Graber for three months with annoying letters and postal cards.

The matter is now in the hands of the Federal Grand Jury in Brooklyn, following the complaint of Miss Graber and the managers of the Richmond Theatre to the postal authorities. From just men and spiteful attacks upon the dainty little actress, the strangely embittered spinster descended to the depths of scurrility. If the Federal Grand Jury establishes the identity of the suspected spinster she will undoubtedly suffer a term of imprisonment.

Letter Writer Is Wealthy.

But the case will be bitterly fought. The old maid letter writer has wealth and prominent friends on her side, and she has long been a social power on Staten Island.

The Richmond Theatre was established.

(Continued on Second Page.)

### THOUSANDS OF POTS OF EASTER LILIES GIVEN AWAY FREE.

#### A Company that Remembers Its Friends

In commemoration of their twentieth anniversary, the Guarantee Clothing Co., on the uptown corner of 127th St. and 3d av., have completed magnificent arrangements to make the Easter an occasion of pleasant surprise. A last-minute memory. Their store is a bazaar of flowers, redolent with the odors of the most fragrant blossoms. Thousands of pots of growing lilies, azaleas, roses, and carnations are also in evidence. Easter flowers, crowd every nook and corner of their great store, and every customer purchasing their Easter clothing from them will be presented with one of these growing Easter plants positively free of charge. This generous offer begins to-day and continues until and including Saturday, April 11. This is a delicate and handsome complement to their friends, and an early visit to their store is advisable. Their display of Easter clothing is in itself a feast of good things, comprising as it does men's suits and top coats in all the new colorings and weaves that range in price from \$10 to \$20 and which are known to be the best at the price that our city affords. Garments equally attractive and low priced for young men and in fact every kind of clothing in great variety. Remember, there is a beautiful pot of growing Easter flowers awaiting you at the Guarantee Clothing Co. uptown corner of 127th St. and 3d av.

### PICKED GEORGIE FOR HER HUSBAND DAY HE WAS BORN

#### So His Grandma Says of Buxom Mrs. Cumberland, Who Is Now 46.

#### HE IS ONLY EIGHTEEN.

#### Georgie Didn't Like It After Two Days' Trial and Judge Annuls the Marriage.

Going into court in Brooklyn under the protecting wing of his grandmother, George Cumberland, eighteen years old, told Judge Crane to-day of the troubles of his married life with Mrs. Caroline Baldwin Cumberland, forty-six years old, and asked that an annulment be granted. After hearing both Georgie and his grandmother tell how love's young dream faded away from Georgie, and his youthful illusions were dispelled into thin air, the court granted the annulment.

Mrs. Cumberland, a robust woman with an air of determination, was in court, but made no defense and assured Judge Crane that she was as willing as Georgie or his grandmother, either, for that matter, and seemed well pleased at the decision.

The grandmother, Mrs. Garvey, who lives at No. 82 East Ninety-ninth street, Manhattan, was excitedly anxious that all of her youthful descendant's matrimonial bets should be declared off.

"This woman," she said, indicating Mrs. Caroline Baldwin Cumberland, who merely sniffed contemptuously, "has just hypnotized Georgie, and it's my belief, Judge, that she started it from the day he was born. She was a visitor at our house, and she was there that very day. She took a fancy to him then and she was never satisfied until she married him. She's old enough to be his mother, and the boy didn't know what he was doing—he was only seventeen."

Georgie admitted to having known the woman who became his wife from the day of his birth, or, to be more exact, from the time his memory began, and said she had pursued him from the day he shed kids for knickerbockers and when he appeared in his first pair of long trousers proposed marriage to him.

"I thought it would be all right," said Georgie, "so we ran away to College Point on Feb. 17, 1906, and the Rev. Mr. Metz married us."

But, added the youth, sighing, "we hadn't lived together very long before I found that married life wasn't what it was supposed to be—at least not with her. She was too old for me, Judge. I was just seventeen, but I soon found it out."

How long did you live together? asked Judge Crane.

"Two days," said Georgie. "It didn't take you very long to arrive at a conclusion," said the Court. "However, as you were under age and I don't suppose you could ever be happy together, I'll grant the annulment."

### OUT OF WORK, THREW HIMSELF UNDER TRUCK.

#### Fractured Rib Punctures a Lung, and Man Probably Will Die.

Worn out after a long and futile effort to find work, Pasquale Bolini, a laborer, suddenly threw his shovelful at Broadway and One Hundred and Ninth street to-day and threw himself under the rear wheel of a heavy stone truck. A score of men, and a woman, shouted to the driver, who pulled up sharply, but too late to save the despondent laborer. The wheel passed over Bolini's chest, and he was taken to the J. H. Wood Hospital, where the doctors said a fractured rib had punctured a lung.

Bolini gave his address as No. 275 Mulberry street, but the police say he is not known at that address. He said he had been walking since daylight in search of work. The driver, William Harvey, of No. 28 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, was arrested and later was paroled.

# WALL ST. LAWYER LOSES \$150,000; KILLS HIMSELF AT ASTOR HOUSE

#### Astor House Suicide Whose Fortune Was Swept Away.



### LADS SEE THEIR COMRADE KILLED; AFRAID TO TELL

#### Run Away When Jimmy Ryder Falls from Trolley Pole Into Swamp.

The body of James Ryder, a thirteen-year-old Long Island City boy, who played hooky from school yesterday afternoon and failed to appear at his home last night, was found to-day in a swamp alongside the North Shore tracks of the Long Island Railroad at the foot of Paynter avenue. Three boys who were with him yesterday afternoon say that he received an electric shock while climbing one of the iron poles which carry the heavy feed wires along the railroad track, fell off and was killed.

These three boys, incidentally, are about the most miserable, conscience-stricken youths in Greater New York. All night long, while the worried parents of little Ryder were scouring the neighborhood for him the three boys, who knew he was dead and where his body was lying, covered sleepless with the covering of their beds, longing for daylight.

Couldn't Stand Strain.

One of them, Frederick Mercer, of Hamilton street and Freeman avenue, was unable to stand the strain of the secret and began to cry at the breakfast table. His mother questioned him and then he told of the death of poor little Jimmy Ryder.

Mercer was sent to the Ryder home, at No. 623 Verghen avenue, where he repeated the story to James Ryder, 24, the father of the missing boy, and James Ryder, his grandfather. These boys, with Mercer and Bolini, who were

#### Charles A. Murphey, of a Prominent Brooklyn Family, Ruined by Bad Investments---Mind Was Affected, His Relatives Declare.

#### TOOK ROOM AT HOTEL, SHOT HIMSELF, DIED INSTANTLY.

#### "He Could Not Bear the Prospect of Shifting His Five Children From a Life of Luxury to One of Poverty," Says Brother-in-Law.

With the prospect staring him in the face of going into bankruptcy and sacrificing his fine home, Charles A. Murphey, a lawyer and one of the leading citizens of Brooklyn, shot and killed himself in a room in the old Astor House last night. His body was found shortly before noon to-day by a chambermaid.

Mr. Murphey was a member of the firm of Murphey & Metcalf, No. 15 Wall street. He was a cousin of Willis L. Ogden, of Brooklyn, and his widow is the daughter of former Mayor Lambert, of Brooklyn. His home was in Brooklyn at No. 279 Henry street, almost opposite that of Henry Sanger Snow, the defaulting treasurer of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company.

His Fortune Swept Away.

A few months ago Mr. Murphey considered himself worth between \$150,000 and \$200,000. The bulk of his fortune was tied up in the Key West Electric Company, an enterprise located at Key West, Fla. Through an unfortunate syndicate operation he lost control of this property, and all his assets were swept away.

The blow completely discouraged Murphey, who made no attempts to recoup, and for the past month spent most of his time at home in the depths of despair. Members of his family were contemplating the engagement of specialists to examine him as to his mental condition. That he contemplated suicide by throwing himself into the river or bay is shown by a letter he left behind in a wastepaper basket in his Astor House room. It was dated April 8, addressed to his wife and read:

Murphy's Letter to His Wife.

"When this letter reaches you my body will be floating on the waters of the river. I think it is the best course to take for the benefit of all. Mr. Murphey left his home in Brooklyn, a fine four-story mansion on the Heights, at 130 o'clock yesterday afternoon, saying that he was going to his office. At midnight he registered at the Astor House under his own name, and was assigned to a room.

During the afternoon he had purchased a revolver and a box of cartridges. When he reached the room in the hotel he undressed and got into bed, pulled the covers over his head and shot himself in the right temple. The bullet pierced the brain, and death was instantaneous.

When the suicide was discovered to-day there were two clues to the identity of the dead man—his signature on the

### BABY IN CIRCUS TRICK FALLS 62 FEET AND LIVES

#### Newark Child Dives Out of a Window and Is Saved by Dropping on Clothes Lines.

Holt McKenzie, a forty-pound prize baby, of Newark, N. J., fell sixty-two feet from the rear window of his home, at No. 243 Bank street to-day, and after descending through clouds of lingerie and odds and ends of nether raiment, landed with scarcely a scratch in a basket of clothes pins.

Holt is only two and a half years old, but when his uncle took him to the circus yesterday, the things he saw assembled a few ideas in his dawning intellect. The boy is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Roy McKenzie, and lives with them in a cosy flat on the fifth floor of the Bank street apartment house.

The McKenzies were packing up to-day, intending to sail to-morrow for Belfast, Ireland, where Mr. McKenzie has a fine business opening. He was working away with boxes and bales in a rear room, while his wife corded trunks, prepared dinner and fed the parrot.

As for Holt McKenzie, he was busy with his circus ideas in the kitchen. It probably entered into his childish head that he was one of the Leamy sisters, for those who saw him do it, declare he posed his little hands above his head, and had a himself gracefully out the window.

The pudgy, dimpled, yellow-haired darling had sixty-two feet to fall, and in the falling he passed through five strata of delayed Friday wash, which is very heavy in Newark.

By the time he had reached the level of the second floor forty women who were negotiating some sort of wash or other in back yards and on fire-escapes, saw the falling toddler and yelled to him to stop. His mother came to the door, and her flat in time to see him enter the arm of Mrs. Mardon Madison's silk kimono and stick there for a second, as he descended to the ground with the kithrene.

Although the boy was practically unhurt the trip to Belfast of the McKenzies may be delayed a week.

**A Seal that Secures SITUATIONS.**

**WORD A 12- WANTED" AD IN SUNDAY MORNING OR COSTS BUT 25c.**

**If the sort of Position you seek is to be had, a World "Situation Wanted" Ad. will find it.**